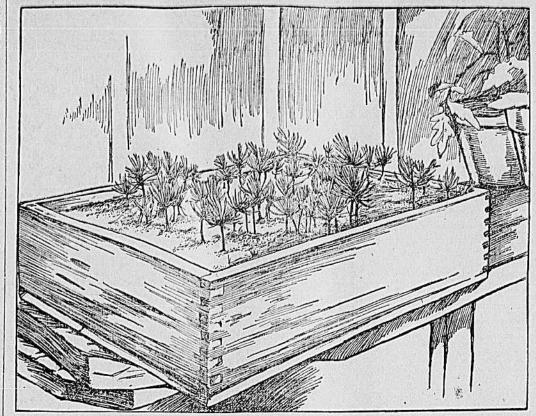
Cedars of Lebanon From Seed Obtained In Asia Minor.

(Special Correspondence of The Timesplanch)

ROSTON, MASS, July 4—A thousand little cedars of Lebanon growing up from a greater property of the first and spruces from Oscillater and the interesting sights just now in one corner of the frames of the Arnold Arboretum at Jamaica Plain. Not that they appear it present much like their historic predecessors. In fact, to the uninitiated all cedars look alike during their first year they can be put out into the sunshine or kept in the selleting conservatories as may seem best, while others stand rank by rank in the open-air bed. But what misses means they seem to be in a fair way to grow and flourish. Just now, in spile of the inclemency of this spring weather, they are flourishing if they continue to do so the Aboretum will have introduced into our northern latitides for the first time our of the most striding and decorative landscape trees that grows succeed in from the first attempt that has been made in first claim the continuence of the service of conservation with the precent will have introduced into our northern latitides for the first time of the most striding and decorative landscape trees that grows succeed in free were to all appearances exactly like when the proposed the continuence of the summary and arractle winters of the Aboretum will have introduced into our northern latitides of the first time our proposed the continuence of the Aboretum will have introduced into our northern latitides of the first time of constructions and the fact that they seem to be in a fair way to grow and flourish. Just now, in spile of the first attempt that has been made in frowing the seed and the fact that they seem to be in a fair way to grow and the service of the first time our proposed trees that grows succeed in proving the seed grow and the service of the first time our proposed trees that grow succeed in the claim of the first time our proposed trees that grow succeed the first time our proposed trees that grow succeed in the first time our proposed trees that grow



AN INTERESTING FAMILY OF YOUNG GIANTS.

In a box a foot square the Arnold Arboretum has enough little Cedars of Lebanon to cover the Mount of Olives.

strike into the earth and give them permanent lodgement. After they have they burst and scatter their seeds, and They were as full of fragrant balsam, at the Arboretum they had to be drilled however, as if they had been plucked but

terity, bacause each one is linked with a single little poem. One of them is Philip Pendleton Cooke, of Virginia (a a single little poem. One of them is philin Pendleton Cooke, of Virginia (a brother of the gifted John Esten Cooke), the author of the delightful little gem, "Florence Vane." Had he done or written nothing else, his name would have lived. I have known young ladies who have the pretty name, "Florence Vane." because of their parents admiration of the sweet poem beginning, "I loved thee dearly, Florence Vane."

The name of the other poet is Richard Henry Wilde, of Georgia, a man of unusual genius and attainments, whose fame is particularly associated with the following touching little poem;

My life is like the summer rose,
That ocens to the morning sky,
But ere the shades of evening close, Is scatter'd on the ground—to diet
Yet on the rose's humble bed,
The sweetest dews of night are shed,
As if she went the waste to see—
But none shall weep a tear for me!

My like is like the autumn leaf

be of interest:

RICHARD HENRY WILDE.

The harp that sang "the Summer Rose,"
In strains so sweetly and so well,
That, soft as dews at evening's close,
The pure and liquid numbers fell.
Is hush'd and shattered! Now no more
Its allvery chords their music pour:
But, crushed by an untimely blow,
Both harp and flower in dust lie low!

Drop down thy willows, southern landi
Thy Bard, thine Orator is dead:
He sleeps where broad magnolias stand,
With "Summer Roses" o'er his head!
The lordly river, sweeping by,
Curves 'round his grave, with solemn sign,
And, from your twinkling orange stem,
The Mock-Bird pours his requiem!

Story of Peale's Portrait of Lord Chatham.

this obnoxious measure.

peerage, and in thus deserting ner, as was evinced in more than Pennsylvania, as Pittsylvania county came in 1769 Lord Chatham's and it is interesting to note that the year after Lord Chatham's th of Lord Chatham," which own Peale portrait was the gift walls of the House of Delegates in Capitol of Virginia, but now, in 1903, back to Westmoreland county.

PEALE AND HIS WORK. Peale, the most eminent American por-trait painter of his day, went to Eng-land to study his art. A number of

foreign policy, which gave his return. Another American artist, their splendid victories in the war Benjamin West, was then in London, and with France. The Americans, a little Peale became his pupil. The young Mary-later, had cause to revere him as their lander had received his first lessons in ion in the Stamp Act controversy, painting from Hesselius, in Annapolis, was to Pitt they owed the repeal and he had also been the pupil of Copmanifested itself in many lines of inventrait painter that he is best known to considered strong, spirited and natural wittily said of Lord Chatham's advent figure, robed as a Roman orator, speak-House of Lords that it was "a ing in the forum. He stands in the rtant crisis. Pittsburg perpet- Charles I was brought out to be berepresented as treading upon the Contor. The altar is supported by busts of pearance has been described as a figure trait gives us the imposing figure, the



PEALE'S PORTRAIT OF LORD CHATHAM.

the picture deplored, To modern eyes, however, the gray locks would seem more natural and becoming than the old-fashioned wig.

the Westmoreland county gentlemen, the ginia, had written to his friend, Edmund been associated with Lord Chatham in ham, we are led to infer. Edmund Jennings, in presenting the picture of Lord Chatham, writes to Richard Henry Lee of Mr. West's ineffectual efforts to secure

"But as the honest cause of America hath been supported with true liberality got, and therefore take the liberty of acceptance of the gentlemen of Westme by several friends in that province as acceptable to the lower house of Assembly. Should the gentlemen be of that opinion, I beg it may be disposed of in that way." Mr. Jennings, in a postscript different from the common prints."

SENT TO THE CAPITOL

mond Jenning's that the suggestion of William Lee that the Chatham portrait should be sent to the Capitol at Wil-liamsburg met his own wishes. However, loth to give it up, though their court-nouse proved too small to hold it. It remained, therefore at "Chantilly," the home of Richard Henry Lee, until the latter's death, when it was transferred to "Stratford," the home of another of the distinguished Lee brothers of the Revolunot so ready to oblige his American ad"Light Horse Harry" and the birthplace
mirers. First, want of time, and then
official scruples stood in the way. These
ward Lee. From "Stratford" the Chat-Courthouse, when a new building was erected there about 1825. But in 1833 the Library Committee of the General Assembly, hearing that there was no suitable room at Westmoreland Courthouse for the large canvas, asked that

it might be sent to the House of Delegates in Richmond; a step to which the merits and demerits as an artist, in a letter written in 1772 by Richard Henry Lee to Colonel Landon Carter: "So far

as I am able to judge, I think Mr. Peale has much merit in his profession, but in the article of mixing colors for duration he would seem to be deficient by the picture he has drawn of Lord Chatham, now at Chantilly.

observe in your letter to Mr. Peale that of your mother's picture. This gentleman may possibly have by experience

the better way to submit the matter to your own determination. If in this respect he would answer, I think he would in every other, and, perhaps, there is much propriety in encouraging American artists in America. I would beg leave to refer you to my brother, Frank, on his return from Annapolis, when he will have many opportunities of seeing Mr. Peale's performances and knowing the opinion entertained of him there by the best judges." It was in this year—1772—that Charles Willson Peale painted the first of his many portraits of Washington, where he appears in the uniform of a Virginia colonel. And, doubtless, it was at this time that Peale painted some of the other portraits in Virginia, still to be found there, making sketches also of some of the houses at which he had visited. To these last John Adams allude in a letter to his wife, written from Phliadelphia in 1776. "Yesterday morning, he says, "I took a walk in Arch Street to see Mr. Peale's painters' room. Peale is from Maryland, a tender, soft, affectionate creature. He has a variety of portraits, very well done, but not so well is Copie's portraits. He showed me likewise draughts, or rather sketches, of gentlemen's seats in Virginia, where he had been—Mr. Corbin's, Mr. Page's, General Washington's etc."

A COPY IN MARYLAND.

There hangs in the ante-room of the Maryland Senate, in the State House at Annapolis, a portrait of Lord Chatham, which is evidently a copy of the one sent your own determination. If in



FRANK L. STANTON.

SUNBEAMS FROM THE SOUTH S

about to address the Lords, and in his

By FRANK L. STANTON, Author of " Just from Georgia,"

"Songs of the Soll," etc



BROTHER DICKEY.

Satan and the Banjo. Satan tuck de banjer, an' he th'owed it

in a tree, But it sot de woods ter dancin' des ez lively ez could be

For de Win' com 'long en played it in de
quickes' kind er tune,
En de witches on dey broomsticks went
sashayir' 'round de bloon!

Oh, Mister Satan!
Dey fool you all de day;
We bleege ter have de banjer
'Twel we dance de worl' away!

De Rabbit lef' de briar-patch, de Fox come out er kiver. De Alligater lef' his log an lit'out fum de river! De hosses out de traces kicked en made a mighty pranch' B'rer B'ar he 'lowed it's Kingdom come, En give 'em p'ints on dencin'!

Oh, Mister Satan!
Go yander whar you stay;
We 'bleege ter have de banjer
'Twel we dance de worl' away!

De woods wuz des' demoralize, en Satin couldn't down 'em.
De creeurs in de double-quick—de trees a-spinnin' 'round 'em.
He couldn't stan' de racket, en he lit inter de souille,
Dey made him cut de "bjgeon-wing" en give de double-shuffle!

Oh, Mister Satan! Go yander whar you stay; We 'bleege ter have de banjer "Twel we dance de worl' away!

A Mule With a Record. "Well, suh," said the old deacon, "dat mule is got mo' liftin' power in one er dat if he'd len' him his tall ter bresh de

his hin' foots dan twenty er his race put tersether. T'other day, whilst de parson wuz 'zaminin er him, wid a view ter buyin' him, he give him a left lit', en sont him flyn'.

"How high did he sen' him?"

"Dat what botherin me. He ain't come down yit!"

It Riled the Major.

"Well, suh, de Major is so easy ter git mad! He flewed inter a turrible rage dis mawnin en all fer nuttin!"
"What you do ter him?"
"Nuttin 'tal. I tell you! He to!' me ter fetch bim his boots, en I only axed him which pa'r he wanted—his Sunday-meetin' one, 'sr' de ones he seen de snakes in,-en how he did eut up!"

The Humble Brother, The Humble Brother,
Better tabe de side path—
Groanin vid de load,
Too much dust en danger
in de middle er de road!
Dar de folks is crowdin'
Wusst you ever knowed!
Nuttin' but confusion
In de middle er de road!
Harricans a-blowin'
Wusst dey ever blowed,
Tossin' all de big trees
in de middle er de road!
Lois er ways ter glory
Whar de treasure stowed,
But de dust'll blin' you
In de middle er de road!

FABLES FROM A LOG CABIN. Fox's Lesson to the Alligator.

flies off him, he'd ketch him a mess er him: "How in de worl' kin de flies bothe we'en yo' hide is ez touch ez a bas

drum?"

Den de Alligator make him dis answer:
"Ter tell de plain truth dey don't bother
me, but it looks mighty ondignified fer a
ten-foot Alligator ter have files on him!
"Well." said the Fox. "It's my private
opinion dat lots er dignity in dis wor!'
ain't nutting more ne'r less dan laziness
in disguise. Good mawnin'!"

The Man and the Storm-Pit.

Onct dey wuz a Man what so 'fraid er de Harricane dat he digged a Storm Pit on his plantation; en ever' time he seen a Storm comin' he runned inter it en pulled de lid down on top er him.

But one day we'en he wuz down da chucklin' ter hisse'f how safe he wuz, whilse de Harricane wuz blowin' over him a Airthquake come rumblin' under him, en which way ter go wuz rie question! But he headed fer de Harricane, des in time ter be blowed six-ways-fersunday, an' whilse he wuz travelin' inter de nex' county, straddle er a pine tree, he said ter hisse'f. "It's only a fool dat stan's 'twixt de devil en de deep sea w'en he's 'traid er fire, en can't swim a lick!" on his plantation; en ever' time he seer

The Colonel's Ghost.

"I see de ole Kunnel's ghost las' night."
"How did you know it wuz de Kunnel?"
"Kage he gone right over in de corner
er his room whar de jug use ter stay, en
tu'ned squar' roun' en looked at me."
"Did he say anything?"
"Not a word. But I well knowed what
he wuz a-wantin' ter say."
"En what wuz dat?"
"Well, he looked lak he wuz a-sayin'

A Georgia Breakdown. Rattle snake weave de rattle spell, Lion think its de dinner bell! "Oh, Mister Lion, how you do— How's yo' helt, en yo' fambly, too?" "I done right well fo' you ring dat bell— But whar dat dinner, is de word ter

Rattle snake say ez he go his way,
"You'll git dat dinner w'en yo' hair tu'n
gray!"

Brother Dickey's Sayings. Many a harricane dat unroots a for-est saves folks de trouble er clearin' groun' fer a city.

De mount'in tops dat reach de clouds is mighty invitin' but w'en you gits dar you only sees de worl' thoo' a rain er

Dey's always one mo' river ter cross till you gits ter de las' one; en den we' sets down en growls kaze dey ain't no mo'.

De only trouble 'bout de devil gwine visitin' is-too many folks in dis worl' thinks dey is duty boun' ter return de call.

Happiness ain't fur f'um home; en yit, some mens travels so fur ter fin' it, dey never knows what dey lef' behin' 'em 'till it's too late ter tu'n back. De rich man set his troubles, des lak de no' man; only diffiience is, dey comes ter him in a automobile, whilst de no' man has ter jog 'long wid his in a ex-

De man what lives onsatisfied kaze he can't do mo' dan what he wuz cut out ter do, is des bout ez sensible ez de ele-phant dat died er srief kaze he couldn't climb a tre.

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The Fable of the Unsympathetic Parent Who Turned Down Three Different Varieties,

Copyright, 1903, by Robert Howard Russell.

Once there was a long-headed Father who had taken the Junior into the Down-town of the Carek, and Latin from his system.

The Junior was a Levely Chap whose Clothese came to about the Carek, and Latin from his system.

The Junior was a Levely Chap whose Clothese came to about the Carek, and Latin from his system.

The Junior was a Levely Chap whose Clothese came to about the Carek of the Carek, and Latin from his system.

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